Literature and Psychology

The News Letter of the Conference on Literature and Psychology of the Modern Language Association

Chairman: Wayne Burns
Secretary: Carvel Collins
Steering Committee: Leon Edel, William J. Griffin
Editor: Leonard F. Manheim, 38 Fern Street, Floral Park, N. Y.

Vol. III February, 1953 No. 1

Does the Eagle know what is in the pit;
Or wilt thou go ask the Mole?
Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod,
Or Love in a golden bowl?

--Blake. Thel's Motto

MINUTES

The third annual conference on Literature and Psychology met at the Hotel Statler in Boston, Massachusetts, on Sunday, December 28, 1952, at 2:00 p.m. William J. Griffin presided, and Leonard F. Manheim acted as secretary. On discussion of the first item on the tentative agenda, it was unanimously voted that decision be suspended as to whether to petition for the organization of a Discussion Group or to continue on an annual basis as a conference, and that the decision rest with the secretary to be selected. The chairman then announced the appointment of Eleanor Nicholes, Erwin Steinberg, and Joseph Prescott to constitute a nominating committee to recommend officers for the ensuing year. It was also unanimously voted that the News Letter be continued in substantially its present form. The Editor expressed his thanks to Dr. Griffin for the latter's kind offer to supervise the production and distribution of the News Letter hereafter.*

Dr. Burns then presented to the Conference his paper on "Freudianism, Criticism and Jane Eyre," the text of which appeared in the last issue of the News Letter (Vol. III, No. 5, pp. 4-13). He stressed as his main theme the necessity, as set forth at page 6 of his paper, of a "retreat" from the position on psychoanalytic criticism heretofore taken by some critics, including certain members of the Conference. Only by a "de-systematization" of our minds from specific Freudian knowledge and its application to literary criticism, and the substitution therefor of a Freudian "awareness," can we achieve a genuinely "contextualistic" criticism. The systematic Freudian critic is guilty of a reductive fallacy of which we alone are not and must not be guilty. He then referred to his analysis of a portion of Jane Eyre as a limited example of the type of criticism which he supported.

Spirited discussion followed, led by Dr. Edel, Mrs. Rubenstein, Mr. Kelvin, Dr. Weigel and by the honored guest of our conference, Dr. Merrill Moore, eminent poet-psychiatrist. Dr. Burns renewed his plea for a "mute" sort of Freudianism, with non-esoteric terminology. If we were all Shakespeares, we would not need Freud--but we aren't. Freudian knowledge raises the critic to the level of the (intuitive) creative writer. Dr. Moore asked why Jane Eyre had been

*News Letter is now regularly made up at George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tennessee, and is distributed from that address.

chosen for analysis. Was not Charlotte Bronte immune from Freudian contamination, completely without "Freudian awareness"?

In part, responded Dr. Burns, that was the very reason for the choice of Jane Eyre. Whatever the conscious intention of Charlotte Bronte, her readers were aware of her underlying sexuality. Charlotte herself, in defending her sister Emily from a similar charge, pointed out that the novelist's genius "takes over" at certain points. The pattern is not super-imposed. It is there. Since there is always a question as to how obvious it is to the reader, it is useful to point it out. Nobody in a hundred years had done it in just this way. Nobody, for example, has seen the importance in the transitional passage analyzed to the ending of the novel, which has been unjustly criticized just because of this lack of understanding. Such an analysis gives new meaning to the entire novel.

Dr. Moore questioned the use of the term Freudianism in the title. The approach is not orthodox Freud but a synthesis that absorbs him into twentieth century psychology. He and the speaker were in agreement that what is sought for in twentieth century depth psychology is not a blueprint but a woodland path. Perhaps the whole difficulty in the matter of "orthodoxy" could be solved by using a more general term like depth psychology or by putting the term Freudianism between inverted commas.

Dr. Burns returned to his contention that a deeper understanding of Jane Eyre or of practically any novel of the past two hundred years could be attained by an examination of it not only in Freudian but, for that matter, in Marxian or even in Wesleyan terms.

Dr. Weigel presented a plea for a deeper comprehension of the critic as well as of the novelist. Everything read becomes a projection of the content of the critic's psyche, a sort of Rohrschach ink-blot which results in criticism which must itself be analyzed.

The discussion concluded on a note of general agreement, as expressed by Dr. Moore, that "names" will drop off, principles will remain.

The Nominating Committee then presented its slate: For chairman, Wayne Burns; for secretary, Carvel Collins; for members of the steering committee, Leon Edel and William J. Griffin; for editor, Leonard F. Manheim. After a unanimous ballot was cast for the slate, the Conference adjourned.

CORRESPONDENCE AND COMMENT

From: Dr. William J. Ford, Chicago, Illinois

Mr. Wayne Burns, in his discussion of the theory of the application of psychoanalysis to literary criticism, says what ought to be said and he says it clearly. Herbert Read's choice of surrealism is not fully acceptable as a starting point, since surrealism has the quality that Freud opposed. Freud said that his system had for its purpose the conquest of the Id, and the surrealists glorified the Id. Read's essay seemed to bypass this, but the distinction ought to be made clear. I am not suggesting that this in any way reflects on Mr. Burns's view of the subject, for he avoids the surrealistic fallacy as he does the reductive one.

This of Mr. Burns deserves repetition--the work of literature and the text of the work are the primary concerns; a parallel in medicine is that the patient is the primary concern and psychological theory secondary. Homo fictus as well as homo sapiens are above and beyond theory. Close reading will show that Freud knew this too.

One thing more, since modern critics are being cited: Mr. Lionel Trilling has the finest grasp today of the relation of Freudian and literary psychology. No one (this too is personal preference and response) states so clearly this relation and so consistently reflects it when he approaches an author or his work.

I look forward to Jane Eyre.

From: Abraham H. Steinberg, author of "Hardness, Light, and Psychiatry in Tender Is the Night," the leading paper in this issue.

...Avoiding technical terminology, I am seeking to utilize psychiatric concepts dynamically, while keeping the literary qualities of the text uppermost.

A big order--and, if my readings seem dubious, I shall content myself with having made a step in what seems to me to be the right direction.

A word about myself. I am an ancient graduate student. (B.A., Brooklyn College, '37; M.A., Columbia U., '39), whose studies for the doctorate at N. Y. U. were interrupted by World War II. After some years in the army and more recuperating, I am taking up where I left off at N. Y. U. and am currently at work on a dissertation on Jews in the American Novel before 1900.

****

HARDNESS, LIGHT, AND PSYCHIATRY IN TENDER IS THE NIGHT

The opening scene of F. Scott Fitzgerald's Tender Is the Night (New York, 1934), the description of Gausse's beach, lingers on in the reader's memory after other aspects of the book have faded away, and yet there seems to be no obvious reason why this should be so: Fitzgerald makes use of no particularly brilliant language or imagery, no highly dramatic events, no sudden flashes of insight into character, and certainly no intellectual revelations. Curious also is the fact that the transition from Book One, in which Rosemary is the chief figure, to the two following books, in which Dick is the protagonist, does not disturb the reader as much as might be expected. The explanation seems to be that, as in Sister Carrie, the point of view of the novelist predominates, and a change in focus from hero to heroine is no change at all in the world they inhabit or the laws that govern them. Something of this explanation accounts, too, for the memorability of the beach scene, which epitomizes the meaning of much of the forthcoming action.

The "proud" hotel cooled by "deferential palms" is symbolic of the relations of status among Fitzgerald's characters, for the author must define social position with almost mathematical precision. The lack of movement on the deserted beach reinforces the static quality of the novel, its rigidly held values. Where status is all-important, movement is secondary, and the book itself is not essentially a book of action nor a record of forward progress. Precise is the

portrayal of the dazzling beach under the intense light, a precision underscored by the appearance of sea and sky as "a thin, hot line." Situated "on the pleasant shore of the French Riviera," the beach is still rather uninteresting, even to a degree unpleasant, because while everything is in its rightful place, ordered, there are almost no people to be seen. It is perhaps this deserted, somewhat aristocratic orderliness which causes Rosemary Hoyt and her mother, Mrs. Speers, to express disapproval on arriving, and to change their minds when they are taken up by people.

Not just any people, by any means, for though Rosemary and her mother are "obviously without direction and bored by the fact," they are not to be satisfied with "just any direction"; the way has to be clearly marked, just so, precisely satisfactory, and though they are looking to others rather than to themselves for "high excitement" and purpose, those others would have to pass muster under a code which categorizes people with great neatness and finality. One thinks, in this connection, of the scene in a Swiss inn later in the book, where the unusual acoustics allow people along the wall and in the corners to hear each other's faintest whispers, while the people in the middle of the room hear nothing. Surface hardness, control, bravery, and an underlying aimlessness are characteristic of Nicole: "She sat in the car, her lovely face set, controlled, her eyes brave and watchful, looking straight ahead toward nothing" (p. 18).

Rosemary's beauty is set forth not just precisely, but with the connoisseurship a sportsman would exhibit toward a thoroughbred, and her first awareness of Dick registers him as "a fine man." In this man who incorporates all his friends, except Nicole, into his orbit under the umbrella, this man "carrying a bottle and little glasses," Rosemary finds the excitement she craves. He "was giving a quiet little performance ... whatever he said released a burst of laughter." In entertaining one achieves a kind of dominance over people by catering to what pleases them, and Dick either charms people by taking them up into his world, or drops them completely. Rosemary is also an entertainer, an actress by profession, and in her career she has to please the audience in the same way that Dick faces people in his own life.

Confronted with the necessity of making a difficult decision, Rosemary tries to think the problem through, not in her own terms and from her own point of view, but "with her mother's mind" (p. 52), her course of action determined by her mother's wishes like the entertainer's by the wishes of the audience. Not sure herself that she should witness the duel between Barban and McKisco, "she obeyed the sure, clear voice" of her mother (p. 62), and went. Rosemary finds Dick "all complete," and her own hardness goes out to his: "She felt the layer of hardness in him, of self-control and of self-discipline, her own virtues" (p. 24).

If it is difficult to define the qualities that make one "nice" or "not nice," it still remains a fact that the distinction is hard and fast, as obvious as whether one is a good swimmer or a bad one. Later in the book, Dick's decline is set forth in the same kind of oversimplified fashion, by his failure to perform a trick on an aquaplane. On the beach the McKiscos and their group are the outs, the Divers and their coterie the ins. In the last analysis the people that count derive their status from money, lots of it, in all its pomp and glittering magnificence, even in its clear and simple, almost childish directness, as when Rosemary envies Nicole's lack of restraint on a casual buying spree.

There are, however, other values. T. F. Golding's wealth alone did not make him attractive to the Divers before Dick's decline became pronounced. Bravery is admirable, ruling out the McKiscos and Campions; and, of course, hardness is a great virtue: "It was good to be hard, then; all nice people were hard on themselves" (p. 72). American standards of physical cleanliness, which form so great a barrier between the Divers and Gregoroviuses, are the ostensible cause of the break between the Divers and Mary North. Anti-Semitism, hinted at in the opening chapter in which it is carefully pointed out that Mrs. Abrams, despite her name, is not Jewish, is more apparent in the description of the behavior of Von Cohn Morris, the patient who has detected liquor on Dick's breath. Feeling against the colored people is manifested, among other instances, in the episodes involving Abe North and the murdered Negro, and in the reflections on the skin color and personality of Mary North's wealthy husband. Dick's altercations with the Italian police and his use of the derogatory term, spic, are part of a pattern of anti-foreignism which excludes Europeans from significance even though the action takes place in Europe: it is the Americans who count.

In the end, of course, the Europeans defeat Dick, Barban taking away his wife and Gregorovius his clinic. Dick cannot account for his own decline, except that it is bound up with Nicole's regaining her health, and from his point of view the Europeans really are dirty and smelly, the Italians do overcharge and hit a man when he is down, the French cook Augustine is really impossible, the Negroes are always complicating one's life with their murders, the Asiatics with their strange customs. In contrast with Dick's certainties about the actions of others, the purposes and consequences of his own actions are vague and ill-defined.

Bright, clear, hard, and superficial, almost impersonal as are Dick's values, so is his psychiatry. Typical of his understanding of people and how to cure their emotional ills is his demonstration at Voisins that he was the only one who "had repose," because everybody else, on coming into the restaurant or shortly after, raised his hand to his face. When Nicole goes into one of her spells, Dick does little more than bark out a command to control herself. With certain patients he is gentle and loving, including them in a kind of special in-group something like taking them into his own family; other patients, such as Von Cohn Morris, he drops completely. Thus Dick's treatment of his patients is basically the same as his reactions to people outside.

Nicole's insanity is simply the result of a single traumatic experience with her father, an experience in part caused by the early death of her mother, but otherwise considered as a discrete event, something that just happened, unrelated to emotional developments within the personalities involved. One is crazy or not, Fitzgerald seems to say, and that is how it goes. Control yourself. Nicole is an intelligent patient, let her read Freud. The Spanish homosexual is advised to control his drinking, which brings out his homosexualism. We are even made to feel that there is no emotional or mental disease here at all, the "shell-shocks who merely heard an air raid from a distance" (p. 157) and other patients as well are just giving in to self-indulgence: they are not genuinely sick people. "We're a rich person's clinic--we don't use the word nonsense." The implication is that if it were not for money, the doctor would cure his patients by making better use of the rod, an implication that tells us far more about Fitzgerald's views about money and about himself, than about Dick's patients and their problems.

The reader is confronted with hard surfaces and easily recognized symptoms, but their relation to emotions underneath is never made explicit. In his early days Dick was lucky, later he became unlucky. He has "repose," but for some unexplained reason he desires wild parties and engages in extra-marital relations. Abe North, one of the nice guys, is an alcoholic who is finally beaten to death in a speakeasy. Tommy Barban, another one of the ins, constantly risks his life in his career as a soldier of fortune. Wealthy women casually shoot men in railroad stations, conduct unending meaningless affairs, all for no apparent reason--just as Dick's drinking, brawling, and unproductiveness in his work, are also apparently without relation to other factors. The reader may even doubt, for all the outward evidence, that Nicole is really insane, and one would be hard put to cite final proof of essential changes in her orientation as evidences that she is getting well.

Now if there are no explicit relations between surfaces and humans, between symptoms and personalities, there is no work for a psychiatrist and no room for meaningful growth in the human beings in this book. Instead we are confronted with a consequent emphasis on the externalia and paraphernalia of the life of the wealthy: eating, drinking, traveling, luxurious parties. But after the severest criticism of the superficiality of Fitzgerald's handling of human relations has been allowed, one must admit that his observations are not flat, that weak though he may be as a psychiatrist he is perceptive and honest as a writer. The perspicuity he manifests in the description of Gausse's beach in the dazzling morning light also serves Fitzgerald in his role as watchman of the night, and his eye reveals things about his characters deeper than his mind can consciously fathom.

One facet of the darker side of human nature which is seized on and made a major theme is incest. Rosemary's successful picture, entitled Daddy's Girl, reveals "a lovely shot of Rosemary and her parent united at last in a father complex so apparent that Dick winced for all psychologists at the vicious sentimentality" (p. 91). Rosemary's love for Dick is spiced by the knowledge that her father was a doctor, too. When Lanier insists that he was really bathed in dirty water, Dick jokes: "You better forget it--unless you want me to divorce you. Did you know there was a new law in France that you can divorce a child?" (p. 341). This joke reunites the Divers temporarily. Finally, incest is the cause of Nicole's insanity. Hard as are the daylight values, infinitely tender, shamefully, disgustingly tender, are the incestuous emotions, the "vicious sentimentality" of the night mind. The three nice people, Dick, Abe, and Tom, "all were of a special gentleness that she [Rosemary] felt was part of their lives, past and future" (p. 24).

After Mrs. Speers granted Rosemary explicit permission to go ahead on her own in her affair with Dick, Rosemary, who "had never done much thinking, save about the illimitability of her mother's perfections," finds that "this final severance of the umbilical cord disturbed her sleep" (p. 52). Only this and nothing more, but the fabric of the book reveals a deeper dye. In the overprotectiveness of incest, the cord of parent-child dependency is strengthened to such a degree that cutting it involves the most painful efforts. The all-perfect parent--"Mother is perfect," (p. 48)--is replaced in Rosemary's life by Dick, who is "all complete" (p. 24), and the girl who thinks with her mother's mind, can now succumb to a new father's mind, replacing the father she has lost. Dick, whose exciting entertainment on the beach gathers people into his orbit like a hen her brood, implies "he would take care of her" (pp. 20, 26), shows "a

paternal interest" (p. 36). When at first he resists her advances he remarks cruelly, "You don't know what you want. You go and ask your mother what you want" (p. 50). Dick's relations with Rosemary are thus marked by a strong element of paternalism, rather than by a free give-and-take between equals.

This kind of dominance is reiterated, when the scene shifts, in the observation that Dick's clique "had been two days in Paris but actually they were still under the beach umbrella" (p. 68), and it is no surprise that, as in his relations with Rosemary, a kind of parental superiority enters into Dick's relations with Nicole. Characteristic of his situation with his wife is the fact that his role as her doctor allows him to maintain his pose of detached superiority, although successful psychiatric relationships, as with marital, necessarily demand intimacy. Dick's roles as doctor, husband, lover, and drinker, are all disparate, bear no relation one to the other in a common personality. He can never admit overtly that he is dependent on Nicole as a husband is on a wife, perhaps more so, for to admit this would somehow destroy his carefully nurtured superiority, prevent him from acting the unemotional, distant, all-knowing observer that no flesh-and-blood psychiatrist ever was yet Fitzgerald thinks he should be, the perfect protector the young child envisions as his parent.

Dick's reluctance to partake of Nicole's money in the beginning is also not so much to be understood as an adherence to a rigid, hard code of behavior, but as a fear of participating and sharing in the relation with Nicole on an equal basis, as man and wife rather than doctor and patient. He is understandably upset when, during their courtship, Nicole points out to him that in acting as a distant god he is not allowing her her rightful place as a person: "The impertinence, the right to invade implied, astounded him" (p. 203). Apparently Dick has in mind a love involvement in which he is not involved.

When their marriage is finally about to break up, Dick reverts to considering Nicole as a patient who has contaminated him, rather than considering her as his wife. Thereupon Nicole quite rightly exclaims, "You're a coward! You've made a failure of your life, and you want to blame it on me" (p. 389). If breaking the chain of dependency means cure, Nicole is cured; having finally disentangled herself from a connection in which she was expected to act the child, she is now free to act in her own right; she has "justified herself to herself without lie or subterfuge, cut the cord forever." Dick's holding to the pose of the doctor is an expression of his own fear, and Nicole's breaking away from this kind of helpless relationship with him is, in a sense, genuinely curative.

Nicole's words, however, may show more progress than her actions. Is her desire for Barban a free expression of her wishes, or is she drawn to him because he is hard and barbarous enough to fill the role of powerful protector better than Dick, to maintain, by sheer force, an intensely hard, shallow shell protecting the night mind? It would be difficult to find a clear-cut answer from the text, and Fitzgerald's observation, "For the first time in ten years she was under the sway of a personality other than her husband's" (p. 378), does not clarify matters. Be that as it may: on the surface Nicole's new love is an independent act, and Tommy Barban hits off the difference between Dick's love and his in a sneering remark that caps the meaning of the entire book: "L'amour de famille." For poor Dick there is no other kind of love; his pathetic question, "If you and Nicole married won't that be 'l'amour de famille'?" (p. 400), shows how incapable he is of recognizing the point at issue.

Dick's own method of facing people, his own emotional structure, is revealed in detail in his discussion with Rosemary and Nicole of the dramatic art. Rosemary, who early in the book had exhibited no overt resentment at her all-perfect mother's comment that Nicole was more beautiful (p. 88) and the insinuation that Rosemary consequently could not make a conquest of Dick; Rosemary, who had felt guilty because in her love for Dick she had temporarily forgotten her mother (p. 100); Rosemary makes the typical remark to Dick: "Oh, you're so nice. I can't imagine anybody not forgiving you anything, no matter what you did to them" (p. 371). She would suffer any hurt from her protector rather than cut the bond.

Responding to this statement of her needs, Dick says the actress must not express her own reactions but go out of character, remember she is catering to the wants of her audience in her entertainment, and only after the audience is appeased should she shift the reins of power to her own hands, express her own feelings. Rosemary cannot follow Dick, but Nicole understands only too well, becomes disgusted and indignantly cuts the conversation off when Dick suggests their daughter Topsy should consider becoming an actress. Having put her foot down, Nicole experiences a powerful sensation of independence and freedom.

Had Fitzgerald developed characters whose orientation and values were in contrast with those of the wealthy, superficial Americans in the foreground, the issues might have come out from under cover. For a while the Gregoroviuses show promise of becoming such foils, but their natures and their relationships with their world are sketched in rather than given the importance of detailed consideration. One feels, at the end of the book, that the Baby Warrens and their whims of iron, the men-of-distinction Mr. Warrens and their incestuous corruption, are still the victors. The elder Warren has defied the doctor's diagnosis of early death and broken free of his ministrations to live, as in a sense Nicole has.

It is Dick who has been defeated and has left the field of battle to them and to a Nicole (nickel) "now made of--of Georgia pine, which is the hardest wood known, except lignum vitae" (p. 356). Hard and tender, day and night, are still in conflict or in juxtaposition, not in causal relation. The author, whose contempt for the lesser rich burst forth in the name, Mme. Bonneasse, (p. 22), did not quite have the courage to so treat the grand rich, nor the power to go beyond dependency relationships to richer human ones. The violence with which he fought against taking this forward step, the fury with which he welcomed essential psychiatric changes, can only be measured in terms of the hate which erupts in the slang meaning of the name with which he cursed his own hero, Dick Diver.

--A. H. Steinberg
145 West 86th Street
New York 24, N. Y.

****

SUBSCRIPTION LIST AS OF FEBRUARY 10, 1953

Roy P. Basler, Chief, General Reference and Bibliographical Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. (R: 3030 Lake Avenue, Cheverly, Maryland).
Harry Bergholz, Dept. of German, University of Michigan, (R: 1130 Oakland Avenue), Ann Arbor, Michigan.
Edmund Bergler, M. D., 251 Central Park West, New York 24, N. Y.
Martha Bradshaw, 527 West 110 Street, New York 25, N. Y.

Wayne Burns, Dept. of English, University of Washington (R: 9556 Lakeshore Boulevard), Seattle 5, Washington.
Ruth C. Child, Head of English Department, Columbia School (R: 22 South Goodman Street), Rochester, New York.
Carvel Collins, Department of English, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Massachusetts. (R: Box 114, Lincoln, Massachusetts.)
Fred A. Dudley, Department of English, Washington State College (R: 1821 Lake Street), Pullman, Washington.
Leon Edel, 150-67 Village Road, Jamaica 32, New York.
N. Bryllion Fagin, Department of Writing, Speech and Drama, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore 18, Maryland.
Herzl Fife, Department of English, High School of Music and Art, New York 31, New York. (R: 105-43 63rd Avenue, Forest Hills 75, New York.)
William J. Ford, M. D., 4753 North Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.
Louis Fraiberg, Department of English, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan. (R: 18244 Parkside, Detroit 21, Michigan.)
William James Griffin, Department of English, George Peabody College for Teachers (R: 3601 Wilbur Foster Drive), Nashville, Tennessee
Lucyle Hook, Department of English, Barnard College, Milbank Hall, 119th Street and Broadway, New York 25, New York.
Dr. and Mrs. Sumner Kalman, Carlsberg Laboratories, Copenhagen, Denmark.
L. Michael Manheim, Department of English, University of Delaware, Newark, Delaware.
Leonard F. Manheim, Department of English, The City College of New York (R: 38 Fern Street, Floral Park, New York),
Joseph Mersand, Chairman of English, Long Island City High School, 41st Avenue and 29th Street, Long Island City 1, New York.
Merrill Moore, M. D., 10 Crabtree Road, Squantum 71, Massachusetts.
Eleanor L. Nicholes, Pforzheimer Library, Purchase, New York. (R: 324 East 74th Street, New York 21, N. Y.)
Marion C. Outhit, Department of Psychology, Columbia University (R: 88 Morningside Drive), New York, N. Y.
Porter G. Perrin, Department of English, University of Washington, Seattle 5, Washington.
Burton R. Pollin, 300 Riverside Drive, New York 25, New York.
Mrs. Marya Porter, 235 Beach 79th Street, Arverne 93, New York.
Joseph Prescott, Department of English, Wayne University, Detroit 1, Michigan.
Louise M. Rosenblatt, Department of English Education, New York University School of Education, Washington Square, New York 3, N. Y.
Alan B. Rothenberg, 225 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn 17, New York.
Raymond S. Sayers, Department of Hispanic Languages, Columbia University (R: 750 Grand Concourse), New York, N. Y.
Mrs. Leonie F. Sachs, Department of Spanish, Hunter College of the City of New York (R: 11 Seaman Avenue), New York, N. Y.
Bert Sonnenfeld, Student, Oberlin College (R: 91 Payson Avenue), New York, N. Y.
Abraham H. Steinberg, 145 West 86th Street, New York 24, N. Y.
Erwin R. Steinberg, Department of English, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburg 13, Pennsylvania.
John A. Weigel, 88 Morningside Drive, New York 25, New York.
Samuel K. Workman, Department of English, Illinois Institute of Technology, 3300 South Federal, Chicago 16, Illinois.
Arthur Wormhoudt, Department of English, State Teachers College (R: 121 Sixth Street, South), St. Cloud, Minnesota.
Mabel P. Worthington, Department of English, Box 435, Temple University, Philadelphia 22, Pennsylvania.